



COWBOY WESTERN

COWBOY

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

№50

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IN THIS ISSUE -

GUN-ROARING THRILLS
WITH "WILD BILL HICKOK"

ALSO A **JESSE JAMES** STORY



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COWBOY WESTERN

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARTER PUBLICATION

ATOMIC ROUSE ★ **COWBOY WESTERN HEROES** ★ **CRIME AND JUSTICE** ★ **FILMST ANIMALS**
DH 1st this crazy comic ★ **HAUNTED** ★ **HOT KISS AND RACING CARS** ★ **THE FUNNIES**
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

GOLDEN ARROW

WHERE DEATH RODE THE RANGE

HA HA HA!

RUMMBLEEE!

THAT BOULDER'S
GONNA CRUSH US -
AIIIEEE!!

COME BACK WITH US TO THE "BLOODY DECADES."

...TO THE
ERA OF THE
RUTHLESS
CATTLE KINGS,
THE RENEGAD
INDIANS, THE
LAWLESS
TOWNS...WHEN
GOLDEN ARROW
THE GREATEST
CHAMPION OF
JUSTICE, THE
STRONGEST
OF THEM ALL,
LIVED AND
FOUGHT
AGAINST
THOSE WHO
ROBBED,
MURDERED,
CHEATED FOR
GOLD AND
POWER!
COME BACK
THROUGH THE
FLAMING
YEARS

GOLDEN ARROW IS HARD AT WORK IN HIS SECRET CAVE PUTTING SOME FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS WEAPONS...WHEN...

SHOTS! IT'S RUNNING DEER!...
AND HE'S PURSUED BY A
POSSE FROM TOWN...!

BANG!
BANG!!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE,
LITTLE WARRIOR? WHY
ARE THEY CHASING YOU?

QUICK—! ON YOUR HORSE, GOLDEN ARROW! THEY'RE AFTER YOU, TOO!

BANG! BANG!

COWBOY WESTERN



RIDING TO A LEDGE OBSTRUCTING THE POSSE'S VIEW, GOLDEN ARROW STOPS TEMPORARILY TO OUTLINE A PLAN...



AFTER HE HAS BEEN THE BOY SAFELY THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH, GOLDEN ARROW RIDES INTO A DENSE FOREST WITH THE POSSE AFTER HIM, AND...



COWBOY WESTERN

THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN THUNDER PAST THE TREE AFTER WHITE WIND, UNTIL ...

BUT WHITE WIND HAS BEEN WELL-TRAINED ...

GOOD BOY—
NOW TO
TWIN ROCK!

THUNDERATION!
WE'LL NEVER
GET HIM NOW!

GOLDEN ARROW'S GIVEN US THE
SLIP! BACK-TRACK TO THAT
THICKET...! HE CAN'T BE
FUR AWAY!

FFFFTWEET! NNEIGHH!!



AND AT TWIN ROCK ...

WE MUST FIND OUT EXACTLY WHY
WAYNE IS DOING THIS! BACK TO
TOWN LITTLE WARRIOR! I WILL
WAIT FOR YOU HERE FOR THE
TOWNSPEOPLE WOULD RECOGNIZE
ME INSTANTLY! BE CAREFUL ...

WHEN! AM I GLAD
YOU LOST THAT
SHERIFF!



WELL, I MADE IT INTO TOWN WITHOUT BEING
SEEN. NOW IF WAYNE DOESN'T SEE ME, I'LL
BE ABLE TO HEAR WHAT HE'S SAYING ...



OKAY, BOYS! LUKE
HERE WILL PUT ON
THAT GOLDEN
ARROW COSTUME
WHEN HE GOES
TO THE MINE!

SURE GOTTA
HAND IT TO
YAH, WAYNE!
THIS HERE'S A
MIGHTY SMART
SCHEME!



HAW, HAW ... EVERYTHING'S
ACCORDING TO PLAN...!
NOW THE REST O' YAH
HURRY INTO THEM INDIAN
OUTFITS!



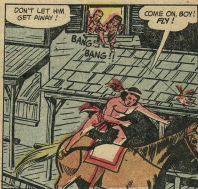
NOW THOSE FOOL MINERS
WILL THINK IT'S GOLDEN
ARROW AN' HIS INJUNS!
GET OUT THERE AN' CLOSE
THE MINE SO'S NO ONE
CAN WORK IT FER A
LONG TIME ...!

SO THAT'S
IT!

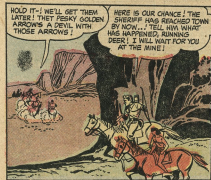


COWBOY WESTERN

SUDDENLY...WAYNE CATCHES RUNNING DEER'S REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR...



MINUTES LATER, AT TWIN ROCK...



COWBOY WESTERN



GOLDEN ARROW ARRIVES AT THE MINE A FEW MINUTES AHEAD OF HIS PURSUERS...

IT'S GOLDEN ARROW, BOYS! REACH!

WAIT! USE YOUR HEADS! IF I WERE GUILTY, WOULD I SHOW MYSELF IN THE OPEN THIS WAY?



WHY...UH...

I HAVE COME TO WARN YOU! SILAS WAYDE IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS! HE AND HIS MEN ARE COMING TO CLOSE THE MINE! I MAY BE ABLE TO STAND THEM OFF WITH YOUR HELP!



HE'S TELLIN' THE TRUTH! LOOK! HERE COME WAYDE AN' HIS BOYS--! HEY-- THEY'RE DRESSED AS INDIANS--AN' ONE 'PEARS LIKE GOLDEN ARROW!

INSIDE, QUICKLY! BEFORE THEY GET INTO FIRING RANGE!



THEY DEVIL'S WARNED THE MINERS... SO WE'LL HAVE TO KILL 'EM ALL BEFORE WE CAN CLOSE THE MINE...!

OH HH!



WE CAN'T HOLD 'EM FOR LONG, GOLDEN ARROW! WE'RE RUNNIN' OUT O' AMMUNITION!

AND I AM ALMOST OUT OF ARROWS, MY FRIEND--I TAKE COVER INSIDE THE MINE! IF THEY CHARGE WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM!



LEW...YOU, SLM AN' RIFE GET BACK TO TOWN AN' SET EVERYTHIN' UP FER RILEY! THE REST O' YOU CHARGE THE MINE! I'LL WATCH FROM HERE!

A TERRIFIC BATTLE TO-THE-DEATH BEGINS...



YOU DISGRACE ALL RED-MEN BY YOUR DISGUISE! IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE IT OFF!

ARGHHH!

OOOFF!



AND YOU TWO SHOULD USE YOUR HEADS NEXT TIME YOU THINK OF CHARGING GOLDEN ARROW!

GNNGG!!

CRACK!

COWBOY WESTERN

SUDDENLY...WHILE THEY ARE FIGHTING...



AFTER THE DEBRIS HAD SETTLED AND THE SMOKE HAD CLEARED...



COWBOY WESTERN



USING EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH IN HIS MAGNIFICENT BODY, GOLDEN ARROW STRAINS AGAINST THE BOULDER...



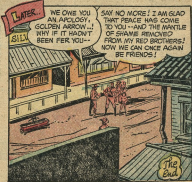
AT THIS MOMENT, RUNNING DEER RIDES UP TO THE MINE WITH THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN...



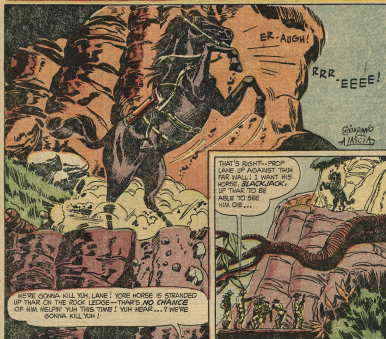
HANDING OVER THE WEARY BAD MEN TO THE SHERIFF, GOLDEN ARROW EXPLAINS EVERYTHING AND...



WITHOUT ONE MORE WORD, GRIM, GOLDEN ARROW RIDES SWIFTLY TOWARDS TOWN, FOLLOWED BY RUNNING DEER AND THE POISSE. LATER IN WAYDE'S OFFICE...



NO CHANCE!



THAT'S RIGHT--PROP LANE UP AGAINST THUH FAR WALL! I WANT HIS HORSE, BLACKJACK, UP THAR TO BE ABLE TO SEE HIM DIE...



OPEN YORE EYES, MARSHAL! AIN'T NO FUN KILLIN' A MAN WHEN HIS EYES ARE CLOSED!



COWBOY WESTERN



EEEEEE!
WHEE-AUGH!

NO REASON TO BE SKEERED OFF THIS CAESTNUT NOW! JEST KEEP YORE SHOTGUN TRAINED ON HIM! IF HE TRIES SLUIN' DOWN THUH SLOPE--LET HIM HAVE IT WITH BOTH BARRELS!

BUT WHY DON'T YUH LET ME SHOOT HIM NOW?



CAUSE I WANT HIM TO SEE ROCKY LANE DIE! THET HORSE HAS A MAN'S BRAIN AN' HEART! HELL, SUFFER WHEN HE SEES LANE GO DOWN! I WANT HIM TO SUFFER FER WHUT HE DONE TO MY KID BROTHER...

"IT'S OVER TWO YEARS NOW THET LANE'S BEEN AFTER US! BUT WE GOT WISE TO HIS BEIN' A MARSHAL EARLY--AN' BACK IN SNAKE HOLLOW, MY KID BROTHER HAD THUH DROP ON HIM..."

WHAT THE?

START PRAYIN', LANE--YUH'RE GONNA NEED IT WHAR YUH'RE HEADED FER...



"BUT BEFORE MY KID BROTHER COULD SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER..."



HAWW-UNHH!

AIEEEEE!



"CRUSHED MY KID BROTHER'S SKULL LIKE IT WAS AN EGG, HE DID!"

ARGHH!

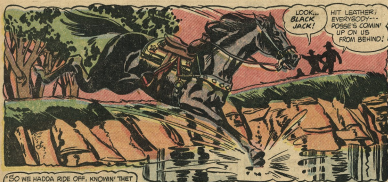
SO WHUT HAPPENED AFTER THET...? WE GUT RUSTUN'--AN' SPENT ALL OUR TIME TRYIN' TO GIT LANE! WASNT MORE'N TWO MONTHS LATER THET WE CAUGHT UP WITH LANE NEAR DEAD MAN'S DAM! WE TRUSSED HIM UP...



"...AN' TOSSED HIM IN WHAR THUH WATER WAS DEEPEST!"



COWBOY WESTERN



LOOK...
**BLACK
JACK!**

HIT LEATHER!
EVERYBODY---
POSSE'S COMIN'
UP ON US
FROM BEHIND!

"SO WE HADDA RIDE OFF, KNOWIN' THET
BLACKJACK HAD SAVED LANE AGAIN!"



I DON'T LIKE IT, BOSS---THET
CHESTNUT KEEPS FRANKIN' UP AN'
DOWN ON THET ROCK LEDGES LIKE
HE HAS SOME SORTA PLAN...

SHUT UP! I TOLE YUH THAR'S
NO CHANCE FER HIM TO
HELP LANE THIS TIME!



BUT REMEMBER INJUN SKULL
CHASMA! WE THOUGHT BLACK-
JACK HAD NO CHANCE THAR
EITHER...



"WE HAD LANE TRAPPED WITH A ROARIN' FOREST FIRE
BEHIND HIM---AND THUH CHASM AHEAD...."



"WHEN WE SAW THROUGH OUR FIELD GLASSES THAT LANE
WAS GONNATRY TO JUMP THUH CHASM, WE LAUGHED FIT
TO BUST! 'CAUSE WE KNEW NO HORSE WITHOUT WINGS
COULD SPAN THET SPACE..."



COWBOY WESTERN

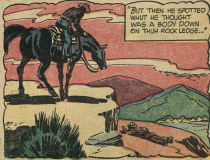
"BUT BLACKJACK MADE IT!"



NOBODY SAYS HE
AIN'T A WONDER
HORSE! BUT THAT'S
NO CHANCE OF
HIS HELP! LANE
NOW! WE GOT BOTH
OF 'EM TRAPPED!
LANE THOUGHT IT
WAS THUH OTHER
WAY AROUND WHEN
HE TRAILED US INTO
THIS CANYON...



"BUT THEN HE SPOTTED
WHUT HE THOUGHT
WAS A BODY DOWN
ON THUH ROCK LEDGE..."



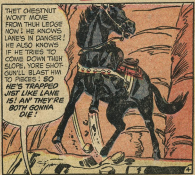
"BY THUH
TIME HE SAW
IT WAS ONLY
A GUMMY.
IT WAS
TOO LATE!
WE'D
ALREADY
OPENED
FIRE!"



"LANE GOT WINGED IN THUH SHOULDER, AN' CAME
TUMBLIN' DOWN!"



THET CHESTNUT
WONT MOVE
FROM THUH LEDGE
NOW! HE KNOWS
LANE'S IN DANGER!
HE ALSO KNOWS
IF HE TRIES TO
COME DOWN THUH
SLOPE, YOKE SHOT-
GUN'LL BLAST HIM
TO PIECES! SO
HE'S TRAPPED
JST LIKE LANE
IS! AN' THEY'RE
BOTH GONNA
DIE!



COWBOY WESTERN



The Prince Albert Kid *in* *RUSTLER'S ROUNDUP*

The largest place in Delano County was the Double Square Saloon and Gambling establishment, owned by Jim Ferris. And on this night the gals were absent, and the wheels weren't running. Every ranch owner had gathered there because of a protest meeting called by Dave McCall, owner of the Ox Ranch.

"You fellows all know why we are here," began a man of large and splendid physique. His piercing eyes were set under a high, dome-like forehead. They said that in his young days, Dave McCall had actually wrestled with a bear in California. He was now in his late forties. As he addressed the assembled ranch owners, you could sense he was their chosen leader.

"If this rustling keeps up," he continued, "we'll all be broke. Somebody has figured something new in getting our livestock. Like they went and hired a magician. We hired two range detectives, and they weren't worth the salt we paid them."

"Get a new sheriff," shouted Ben Margon, owner of the Lazy H outfit. "Jed Hoppers is a bit too old for this kind of work. I don't think he's worth the money we pay him."

A tall thin man, who was sitting on a chair, arose. He was Mike Wellers, owner of the Cross Bar Ranch, down on the south side of the county. He was known as a particular friend of the sheriff.

"Why pick on Jed," he protested. "We're just mad because we can't figure out how our stock is vanishing. I want those rustlers caught and hung up right on the nearest tree. Now

has anybody got a suggestion with a bit of sense in it just how we protect our stock?"

There was a little smile on the sheriff's face as he began to speak. For he knew he was going to give that mad crowd a jolt.

"I took the liberty of sending for the one man in the West who can help us. A number of years ago I did a slight favor for him. Told me anytime I needed help just to contact him. So, folks, if you just watch that door and see who enters, you know we will find those rustlers."

The timing was perfect, and the swinging doors parted to admit the most famous man of the West. The Prince Albert Kid had come straight from Colorado to answer this call for help. The men cheered as they saw the answer to their problem. The Prince Albert Kid went right up next to Ben Margon.

"The cattle are vanishing into thin air," he began. "I am willing to stay right here with you folks until we catch those rustlers, and only then will I leave."

The ranchers all gathered around the famous man of the West, insisting that he stay at their place. Mike Wellers got the honor, and soon the two men were riding out to the Cross Bar Ranch. They arrived after a ride of two hours. Slim Peters, the foreman, took the horses of both men. Supper, prepared by Chin Lee, was soon ready for host and guest.

"Figure out how you are going to tackle this job," asked Mike Wellers. "Things are getting mighty serious."

COWBOY WESTERN

"Suppose I let my brain start working in the morning," replied the Prince Albert Kid. "I've done a lot of riding and am dead tired. And so is my horse. If you haven't any objections, I'd like to retire early."

It was three hours after the famous man of the West had gone to sleep that Mike Wellers left his ranch house and started walking towards the bunk house. Halfways there he met his foreman.

"Think it was wise to bring him here, boss?" asked Slim Peters. "He might stumble on to something."

"As long as he is here, I can watch him," replied Mike Wellers determinedly. "It's cloudy tonight, without a moon or stars in the sky. I'll remain here. Take the boys and raid Dave's place. About forty head of stock should fill our bill. I'm going to foreclose on his ranch at the end of the month."

The news spread the next day throughout the county about the rustlers who had visited Dave McCall's ranch.

"Who would have thought they would have picked last night," wailed the ranch owner. "Looks like a definite challenge to the Prince Albert Kid."

The famous man of the West interpreted that action in the same light. He had the sheriff notify all ranchers to assemble before nightfall at the Double Square Saloon and Gambling establishment. And when they arrived, you could see hostility written all over their faces. But whatever was in their hearts and minds really didn't matter. For when the Prince Albert Kid spoke, they were like people in a trance.

"I measure my words carefully," he began, to the assembled group. "I know who the rustlers are. I know how they operate. They shall be caught the next time they try to get any stock. But there is one thing I want to make clear. There isn't going to be any lynching party. In my own way I shall see that justice is done."

Dave McCall had a complaint to make. He knew he was almost broke.

"And in the meantime," he asked, "What will happen to my ranch? I owe the bank fifteen hundred dollars. And two thousand to Mike Wellers. If I don't pay, Mike Wellers gets my ranch."

"I will advance you the money," said the Prince Albert Kid. "I will draw upon the Third National Bank of Silver Springs and that draft will be honored by your bank."

The men cheered loudly and longly. The unexpected turn of events gave them a tremendous lift. And it puzzled Mike Wellers. Late that evening the crooked rancher again spoke to his foreman.

"I think the Prince Albert Kid is bluffing. Our setup is perfect. Yet, he played a trump card with that loan — and it interferes with my plans. If he loaned money to all the ranchers, I would never get their property. As soon as we get cloudy weather, we do some more rustling. And don't worry, I'll see that our host is drugged for our next operation. I'm certain you know how capable I am of handling drugs."

The next week went peacefully. The Prince Albert Kid would ride the range in the afternoon with the various cowboys. During the evenings he would read some books in the library of Mike Wellers. And then came that cloudy night. Since the Prince Albert Kid didn't touch any strong drinks, Mike Wellers used knock-out drops in a cup of tea. Not a large amount, but enough to make a man dizzy. He watched his guest go to his room unsteady on his feet. A half hour later, the rancher was in the saddle.

The last of the stolen cattle were being rounded up. It was a new technique in rustling. The stock were brought to the banks of the Marander River. Each steer was given a shot of dope and then brought aboard a large flatboat. They were covered with canvas. When the last animal was aboard, a powerful voice rang out.

"You are surrounded on all sides. Just surrender peacefully or you'll end up in boothill."

The ranch foreman turned to his boss, and at the same time went for his rifle.

"We got to shoot our way out of here."

He fired two shots, and they were his last in this world. The other rustlers and Mike Wellers surrendered. They were outnumbered more than ten to one. For, not only was every rancher present, but also the sheriff, The Prince Albert Kid and Chin Lee.

"You even got my cook in on this deal," mildly protested the caught rancher.

"He's not your cook," explained the sheriff, "but a special agent hired by the Cattlemen's Protective Association. He switched the bottle of dope you thought you were using, which also explains why the Prince Albert Kid is with us."

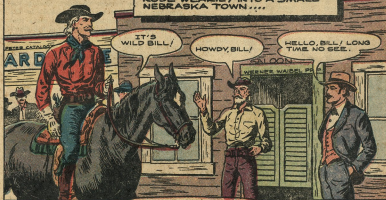
The End

COWBOY WESTERN

THE ACTION PACKED STORY OF

WILD BILL HICKOK

ONE DAY IN 1867, WILD BILL HICKOK
RODE WEARILY INTO A SMALL
NEBRASKA TOWN....



IT'S
WILD BILL!

HOWDY, BILL!

HELLO, BILL! LONG
TIME NO SEE.

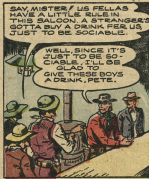


GLAD TO SEE YOU,
GEORGE! AND I'M
SURE GLAD TO
BE HERE!

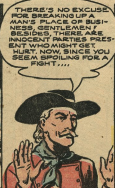
JUST CAME BACK FROM THE
PEACE CONVENTION WITH THE
INDIANS, GEORGE. WE VISITED
MOST EVERY TRIBE YOU CAN
NAME. I'M READY FOR A NICE,
PEACEFUL VACATION! COME
ON INSIDE AND WET YOUR
WHISTLE, OLD HOSS.

YESSIR, THE CON-
VENTION, AND BEFORE
THAT THE WAR! I'M
SURE IN THE MOOD FOR
SOME GOOD OLD-FASH-
IONED PEACABLENESS.

COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

BUT WILD BILL CALMLY FACES THE WHINING LEAD AND TRANSFERS HIS SIX-GUN TO HIS LEFT HAND.

OGGONE! ONE OF THOSE FELLOWS IS A FAIR SHOT!



I'M GETTIN' OUT....
OOOWWWWW!!



IF THE FOOLS WOULD
QUIT SHOOTIN' I WOULDN'T
HAVE TO...



IT AIN'T TOO BAD A
WOUND, BILL. WENT
CLEAN THROUGH.

WELL, IF I HAVE TOO...

HE GOT 'EM ALL!
BUST MY BRACES,
WHAT SHOOTIN'!



YAH GOT THREE OF 'EM SPANG THROUGH THE HEAD, BILL. OTHER'N MIGHT LIVE. HE GOT HIT ON THE SIDE OF THE FACE!

WHY DO FELLAS HAVE TO BE SO ORNERY? I DIDN'T WANT TO....
OH, WELL, LET'S FORGET IT!



COME ON, GEORGE!
LET'S MAKE ONE MORE TRY FOR THAT PEACE-ABLE DRINK WE WERE GONNA HAVE. THAT'S WHAT I CRAVE-A LITTLE REST AND QUIET.



YOUNG FALCON

"IN-
DEATH
BY-PASSED!"

ONCE AGAIN THE TRIBAL TOTEM IS MINE AND YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE, YOUNG FALCON! THEN THE TRUEFEATHER TRIBE WILL BE FINISHED FOREVER!

MURDERING RENEGADES! YOU OUTCASTS CAN NEVER TAKE THE PLACE OF MY PEOPLE... NEVER! I AM READY FOR YOUR ARROWS!



WHEN YOUNG FALCON RETRIEVED THE TRIBAL TOTEM, RIGHTFUL EMBLEM OF LEADERSHIP, FROM THE RENEGADE INDIAN SLAYERS OF HIS PEOPLE, HE STOLE ONE OF THEIR HORSES TO FLEE. BUT HE MET AN INJURED TRAPPER AND GAVE THE MAN HIS HORSE SO HE COULD ESCAPE CERTAIN DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE PURSUING RENEGADES. THIS RESULTED IN YOUNG FALCON'S CAPTURE, AND NOW...

BUT YOUNG FALCON NEVER ADMITS DEFEAT. AS HE AWAITS THE PIERCING ARROWS, HE PULLS SLIGHTLY UPON THE BRANCH TO WHICH HE'S BOUND.

THIS YOUNG BRANCH HAS PLENTY OF RESILIENT SPRING / ONLY WEAK VINES BIND MY WRISTS TO IT... PERHAPS I AM NOT FINISHED YET! I MUST TIME THIS TO THE SPLIT-SECOND OR I WILL BE RIDDLED WITH THEIR SHAFTS!



...SHOOT!



QUICKLY, YOUNG FALCON PULLS DOWNWARD UPON THE BRANCH WITH ALL HIS MIGHT....



COWBOY WESTERN

...AND THE SHAFTS PASS OVER HIS HEAD!



A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, YOUNG FALCON LETS THE BRANCH SPRING UPWARD, CARRYING THE WEIGHT OF HIS BODY!

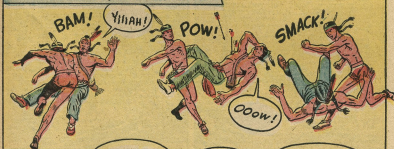
I CAN FEEL MY WRIST BONDS GIVING WAY!



WRETCHES! YOUR DEATH-TRAP HAS TURNED INTO MY SPRINGBOARD TO FREEDOM!



WITH DEMON-LIKE FURY, YOUNG FALCON BATTLES!



I'LL HAVE YOUR SCALP!

GUESS AGAIN, BLACKMOON!



OooooPs!

IT'S TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE! BUT I'LL TAKE THE TOTEM FIRST!



COWBOY WESTERN

THE WHOLE CAMP IS AROUSED NOW. IT'S INTO THE WOODS FOR ME!



ONCE INSIDE THE WOODS, WITH THE RENEGADES HOT ON HIS HEELS, YOUNG FALCON SWERVES IN HIS FLIGHT, AND...

I'LL CUT BACK THIS WAY TO THE RIVER! THEY HAVE THEIR CANOES THERE!



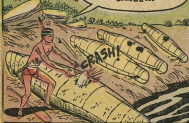
A MINUTE LATER, YOUNG FALCON EMERGES AT THE BANK OF THE RIVER....

THERE ARE THE CANOES! I MUST WORK LIKE LIGHTNING. I CAN HEAR THEM BEATING THE BUSHES CLOSE BEHIND ME!



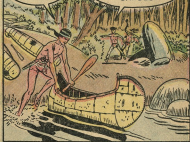
SEIZING A HEAVY ROCK, YOUNG FALCON PROCEEDS TO STAVE IN THE LIGHT BIRCH-BARK CANOES....

AND THIS FINISHES THIS ONE! THAT LEAVES ONE GOOD CANOE...



...WHICH IS FOR ME!

THERE HE GOES! AFTER HIM! INTO THE CANOES!

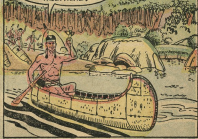


OUR CANOES—WRECKED! WE CAN'T FOLLOW!

WE ARE DEFEATED!



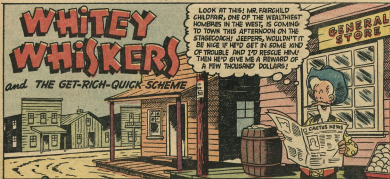
NOW THAT I HAVE RECOVERED THE TRIBAL TOTEM, VICTORY IS TRULY MINE!



COWBOY WESTERN

WHITEY WHISKERS

and THE GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME



LOOK AT THIS! MR. FAIRCHILD CHILDFAIR, ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST HOMEBRIS IN THE WEST, IS COMING TO TOWN THIS AFTERNOON ON THE STAGECOACH! JEEPERS, WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF HE'D GET IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE AND I'D RESCUE HIM! THEN HE'D GIVE ME A REWARD OF A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS!



BUT THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN SO I MAY AS WELL FORGET--- WAIT! MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT HAPPEN!

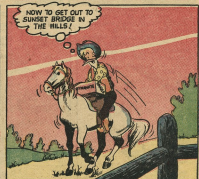


I JUST GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA! I KNOW HOW I CAN GET CHILDFAIR TO THINK I SAVED HIM! THE FIRST THING TO DO IS TO GO BACK TO MY SHACK!



SHORTLY AFTER...

I FIGURED THIS BOX OF DYNAMITE MIGHT COME IN HANDY SOME TIME!



NOW TO GET OUT TO SUNSET BRIDGE IN THE HILLS!

COWBOY WESTERN

A'S WHITEY WHISKERS RIDES TOWARDS THE HILLS...

LOOK AT WHITEY WHISKERS! HE'S CARRYING SOME KIND OF A BOX AND HE'S RIDING LIKE THE BLAZES! I WONDER WHAT HE'S GOING IN SUCH A HURRY WITH IT!



MAYBE IT'S A TREASURE CHEST OR SOMETHING HE FOUND! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM AND SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT!



WHITEY WHISKERS RIDES OUT TO SUNSET BRIDGE IN THE HILLS...

THAR! I PLANTED THE DYNAMITE RIGHT NEAR THE BRIDGE! THAT'S ALL DONE!



NOW TO RIDE BACK TO THE ENTRANCE TO THE HILLS AND WAIT TILL THE GOUGH WITH CHILDFAIR SHOWS UP!



I'LL FLAG IT DOWN AND TELL THEM I OVERHEARD SOME BANDITS PLANNING TO BLOW UP THE COACH WHEN IT WENT OVER THE BRIDGE!



I'LL LEAD THEM TO THE SPOT WHERE I PLANTED THE DYNAMITE AND THEY'LL BELIEVE ME! MR. CHILDFAIR WILL OPIE I SAVED HIS LIFE AND WE'LL GIVE ME A BIG REWARD! HA, HA! WITH BRAINS LIKE MINE, I DON'T HAVE TO WORK TO GET RICH!



LATER...

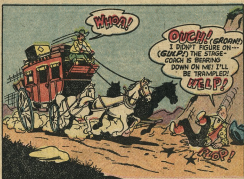
HYAR COMES THE STAGECOACH! I'LL GO DOWN AND GET READY TO YELL FER IT TO STOP!



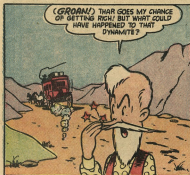
COOPS!
I'M SLEEPING!



COWBOY WESTERN

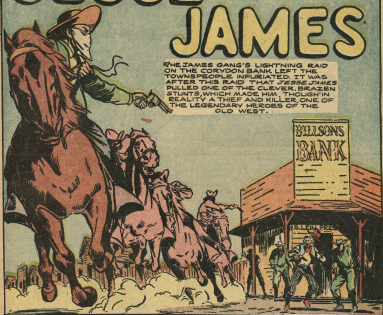


COWBOY WESTERN



JESSE JAMES

THE JAMES GANG'S LIGHTNING RAID ON THE CORYDON BANK LEFT THE TOWNSPEOPLE INFURIATED. IT WAS AFTER THIS RAID THAT JESSE JAMES PULLED ONE OF THE CLEVER, BRAZEN STUNTS, WHICH MADE HIM, THOUGH IN REALITY A THIEF AND KILLER, ONE OF THE LEGENDARY HEROES OF THE OLD WEST.



GET THEM ROBBERS! THEY'RE THE JAMES BOYS!

ROUND UP A POSSE!

COME ON! LET'S GO AFTER 'EM. WE'LL CATCH THEM IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS. TIME TO SPLIT UP. SEE YA ALL BACK AT THE CAVE IN A COUPLE OF DAYS.

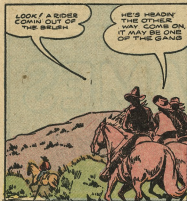


RIGHT, JESSE! LET'S GO!

GOOD LUCK, BOYS. BE SEEIN' YA!



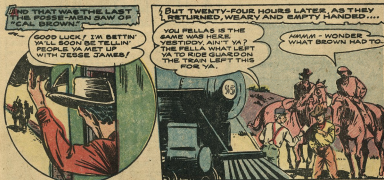
COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

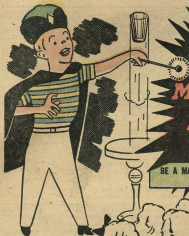


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Only



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Now the top secrets of 20 professional magic tricks are yours to entertain and amaze your friends and make you popular. With this outfit you get 20 exclusive tricks and the secret knowledge of how to easily perform them all for only \$1.00.

You Alone Will Know These Revealing Secrets

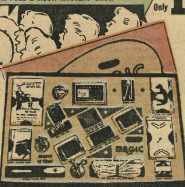
Imagine, by just waving your magic wand and shouting a few magic words you will be able to make things disappear and reappear... imagine your friends and mother and dad all being fooled, surprised and amazed. You'll hold them spell-bound. They will just sit open mouthed with wonderment. They'll be delighted, for it's a barrel of fun for everyone. It's so fascinating and thrilling... But... the hidden secrets will be yours, never to reveal. Follow the simple directions and no one will ever catch on.

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